

## Hopkinsville Kentuckian

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS

## For Congress.

We are authorized to announce  
HON. J. W. HENSONas a candidate for the Democratic  
nomination for Congress for the  
Second Congressional District,  
subject to the action of the primary  
to be held in August, 1914.We are authorized to announce  
HON. DAVID H. KINCHELOE,  
of Hopkins county, as a candidate  
for Congress from the Second district,  
subject to action of the democratic  
primary August, 1914.The bill of Senator Knight, to give  
the Railroad Commission the power  
to regulate express rates, passed the  
Senate.Col. James O'Shaughnessy, father  
of Nelson O'Shaughnessy, charge  
d'affaires for the United States in  
Mexico City, died in New York Wed-  
nesday. He had been ill for several  
days.The Directors of the Pennyroyal  
Fair Co. met Wednesday and appoint-  
ed committees for the work to be  
done this year. Prospects are very  
bright for a record-breaking fair  
next fall.A California judge is threatened  
with a recall petition by white wo-  
men because he sent a negro to jail  
for catching and forcibly kissing  
white girls on the streets. Is this  
what voting does for women?Representative Reed introduced a  
measure, making it unlawful for  
Councilmen in fourth-class cities to  
conspire to break aquorum or in any  
way obstruct legislation and provid-  
ing punishment for violation. The  
bill was offered at the request of  
citizens of Ashland, where, accord-  
ing to the author, members of the  
council have been preventing legis-  
lation by breaking quorums of the  
City Council.John Bassett Moore, counsellor of  
the state department, and the recog-  
nized authority on international  
questions, concluded his service with  
the government Wednesday when  
President Wilson accepted the resig-  
nation Mr. Moore had submitted a  
month ago. Coming when interna-  
tional affairs occupy the forefront  
of official and public attention, the  
departure of Mr. Moore from a posi-  
tion second only to that of Mr. Bryan  
attracted widespread attention and  
comment.Madeleine-Suzanne, the French  
"Siamese twins," were separated  
Wednesday in Paris by a surgical op-  
eration of extreme delicacy. The op-  
eration was performed with special-  
ly constructed instruments by Dr.  
LeFellatre, Dr. Risacher and Dr.  
Victor De Launay and his wife, who  
also is a surgeon. Numerous other  
surgeons were present.Madeleine-Suzanne were joined to-  
gether in the region of the stomach,  
and it was found that a portion of  
the intestines of Madeleine was with-  
in Suzanne's abdomen. This had to  
be detached from the wall of the fi-  
brous cartilaginous bridge connect-  
ing the children. A local anaesthetic  
was used and the babies cried a lit-  
tle during the operation, which last-  
ed fifteen minutes.Both children appeared to stand  
the operation well, but the surgeons  
could not give a definite opinion as  
to the ultimate success of their work.This operation was considered  
justified by French surgeons, in view  
of the tragic deaths of former pairs.  
Eng, one of the original Siamese  
twins, saw his brother Chang die by  
his side, and himself died of horror  
in a delirium a few hours afterwards.  
Millie-Christine and Helen-Judith  
died in a similar manner.

## Woman Past Help.

Chandler, Okla.—In a letter from  
this place, Mrs. Ella Flowers says:  
"I hardly know how to thank you  
for the good Cardui has done me.  
Before I tried Cardui, I thought I  
was past help, but after taking it I  
was relieved at once, and gained at  
least 10 pounds. Everybody says I  
look so much better. I am still im-  
proving greatly." Many women are  
completely worn out and discourag-  
ed, on account of womanly weak-  
ness. Are you? Have not tried Cardui?  
It needs only a few doses to  
convince you that Cardui is just  
what you need. Try it today. It will  
cure your pains.  
Advertisement.

## Preferred Locals.

FOR RENT—Office in Odd Fellows  
building. Call 179-2.  
Advertisement.See J. H. Dagg for contracting  
building and general repair work of  
all kinds. Phone 476.  
Advertisement.Seed corn, Missouri Prolific, 80  
bushels to acre, dry year. Jno. R.  
Green, Hopkinsville, Ky. Phone  
174-3.—Advertisement.

## For Sale.

I have 600 bales of wheat straw,  
free of onions, for sale. Phone 321-4.  
E. W. STEGAR.  
Advertisement.

## Eggs For Setting.

Plymouth Rock eggs for sale at  
\$1 to \$1.50 for 15 Phone 94 or 449  
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.  
Advertisement.

## Removal Notice.

Dr. Andrew Sargent has moved  
his office and residence to the Frank-  
el Flats at Main and Twelfth streets.  
Telephone 552.  
Advertisement.

## Seed Corn For Sale.

100 bushels Wallace Prolific and  
Big Illinois White. Both early and  
low stalk corn. Price \$1.75 a bushel.  
Cherry Bros.,  
Beverly, Ky.  
P. O. Hopkinsville, Ky. R. 3—  
Advertisement.

## Had Its Advantages.

Mr. Cohen—"De modern school-teach-  
ings are no good. Dose pupils haf to  
forget schoot about halluf vot dey  
learns ven dey goes into peesness.  
Here's Ikey learnin' percentage at von,  
two, dree, four, five, undt six per-  
cent, ven he'll neffer haf to use less  
dan sefen ven he goes into peesness."  
Little Ikey—"Yes, fadder; but it'll  
come in handy ven you saddles mid  
your greditors."—Puck.

## For Submarine Safety.

All German submarine boats have  
been equipped with buoys that can be  
detached from the deck of a sunken  
craft at the end of a cable containing  
a telephone wire to enable rescuers  
to converse with persons within the  
boat.Hotel Henry Watterson  
LOUISVILLE, KY.The South's most popular priced, modern  
hotel.  
Absolutely fire-proof; situated in the  
very heart of the retail shopping district and  
near all the theatres.  
Finest Cafe in Louisville, with moderate  
prices.Club Breakfast from 25c up; noon day  
Lunch 50c; table d'hôte Dinner, 6 to 8 p.  
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in Restaurant.  
Refreshments open from 4 p. m. to 1 a. m.  
Orchestral and vocal music.

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private toilet \$1 per day  
With private bath \$1.50  
up to \$3.00 per day  
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to \$3.50 per day.You are cordially invited to make this  
hotel your headquarters while in Louisville,  
even if only for a day. Have your mail  
and packages addressed here. You will  
always be a welcome guest.  
ROBERT B. JONES, Manager.

## BIGNESS OF LIFE

Two Old Lovers Look on at the  
Waters of Strife and Gain  
Wisdom.By MAY C. RINGWALT.  
"Well, Mollie," he said, with a quic-  
sical smile, "does it come up to your  
expectations?""My expectations—oh, Eben!"  
As happy and wonder-rapt as chil-  
dren they sat side by side upon the  
sand watching the waves romp at  
their feet—the white-haired, wrinkled  
little old man and the white-haired,  
wrinkled little old woman with that  
family likeness to each other some-  
times seen in husband and wife who  
have lived and loved together many  
married years."Before we came I thought I had an  
idea how it looked," she went on after  
a little break of intimate silence be-  
tween them. "From pictures in mag-  
azines, you know, and souvenir post  
cards folks had sent us. But they all  
was only snips of samples like you  
get from a mail order store, and here—"  
she held out her arms to the wide  
sweep of sea in front of them—  
"here there's the goods itself!"Whole beautiful bolts of it that scis-  
sors haven't ever cut into."  
"Yes," said Eben with a character-  
istic little nod of approval, "that's  
what takes hold of you from the start.  
The bigness of it. The 'boundless  
waters,' as the saying is. Look how  
they stretch on and on without any  
stop to 'em! No stop, leastways, till  
the sky shuts down sudden and shoves  
'em back. I reckon that's what makes  
the waves, mother. The sky, way off  
yonder at the far horizon, shutting  
down on the waters and shoving 'em  
back."His little pleasantry only skimmed  
the surface of her consciousness—  
with a wee ripple of an answering  
smile—but the word "bigness" was a  
plummet that sank straight to the  
bottom of her thought."The bigness of everything, Eben,  
and the dazzlingness!" she exclaimed,  
her eyes bright, a glow on each wrin-  
kled cheek. "Not only the ocean and  
the beach, but the hotel—its rooms so  
big and splendid it gives you that all-  
over feeling, as though you was living  
in the same house with a sunset, and  
the women with their beautiful  
dresses and the wonderful way of fix-  
ing their hair, and—the automobiles  
coming and going outside, and the  
band playing indoors while you're  
eating your meals. The bigness of  
life. I tell you, Eben, it brings home  
your own littleness till the sense of  
it makes you ache. The little years  
behind you living in a little town  
among little people, doing nothing but  
little things, and the little years ahead  
—oh, Eben, now we know different, I  
don't see how we're ever going to  
stand Live Oaks Center again! And  
more than half our week's gone al-  
ready!"The next day brought another phase  
of bigness to ponder over, for in the  
night between with the sudden rush  
of an angry sea a storm had swept  
crashing in upon the waves, and after  
breakfast when everybody hurried  
eagerly out on to the glass-enclosed  
veranda overlooking the ocean, the  
little old couple sat watching the roll  
and rage of the giant breakers in  
spellbound rapture.Suddenly, in the same breathless  
flash as lightning springs from out  
a storm cloud and strikes fire to the  
earth, the whole crowded piazza  
jumped to its feet.Around a near-by promontory, a lit-  
tle fishing boat—rock-riven, water-  
swept in its last death throes—had  
tossed into sight.Out into the roar of the storm ran  
the little old couple with the rest of  
the crowd—men and women heedless  
of the rain that soaked them to the  
skin, to the wind that beat down upon  
their heads with fierce flap of wing.  
The life-saving station was a mile far-  
ther up the beach. Besides, no boat  
could be launched in such a sea. The  
one hope—the throwing of a life-line  
before it was too late."She's gone to smash already! No,  
by George, she's up again!" The men  
screamed to each other, pitting their  
pigmy voices against the shriek of the  
sea. "This way with the rope, fellows  
—quick!"A score of eager hands seized upon  
the coil of rope brought from a nearby  
bathhouse. Dauntlessly the men  
pressed forward. With all the might  
of puny human muscle tried in vain  
to hurl an end over and beyond the  
catch of the incoming breakers.Then a crash of wave, a drenching  
leap of spray, a hideous crunching  
sound, and east high upon the beach  
scattered bits of splintered wreckage  
and a man's motionless, lifeless form.There came a sudden break in the  
fury of wind and wave, a softer fall  
of rain, and like a child who had  
flashed a cherished toy to pieces in a  
bit of passion and was now repentant,  
the storm turned its back upon the  
broken life on the sands and sulked  
out to sea.A bunch of men lifted the dead body  
upon a stretcher made of weather-  
stained sail and carried it home—to  
one of half a dozen poverty-pinched  
little fishermen's houses ten minutes'  
walk down the beach.The rest—some stunned and silent,  
some talking in excited snatches—  
went back into the hotel's warmth and  
shelter and for the remainder of the  
day gave themselves up to the serious  
business of warding off colds to each  
one's own most approved fashion.Only a little old couple ventured out  
again to buffet their way against a  
chattering drizzle that beat straight  
into their faces as they turned downthe beach toward the cluster of pov-  
erty-pinched little houses at the ho-  
tel's elbow.Upstairs that night after dinner—  
the room of the same little old couple  
bustled with activity—a trotting to  
and fro; the opening and shutting of  
bureau drawers; the bending over the  
shell of a trunk; the fitting of care-  
fully wrapped little packages into a  
tray propped on a chair.They were going back to Live Oaks  
Center 24 hours ahead of their sched-  
ule time, so that they could afford to  
contribute "their full share" to the  
purse being raised for the dead fish-  
erman's widow and little children."Listen!" exclaimed the white-  
haired, wrinkled little old woman,  
turning from the tray upon which she  
had just carefully laid one of Eben's  
Sunday best shirts. "What is that?"In through the open window came  
a soft footfall of music, a quickened  
measure, a rollicking patter of notes.  
"I reckon," said her husband, "it's  
some of the new fangled dance music  
they call ragtime, Mollie.""Surely," she cried in an unbeliev-  
ing, hurt voice, "they're not dancing  
as usual—the same as though nothing  
had happened? Why, when Aurelia  
Pratt's husband was killed in the auto  
accident last winter we didn't even  
have a church social for three  
months.""But you forget we ain't at Live  
Oaks Center, mother. You can't ex-  
pect folks in a big hotel like this to  
care the same as at home.""Oh, Eben," she murmured as she  
put her arms about the white-haired,  
wrinkled little old man's neck and  
nestled her head against his shoulder,  
"I'm so glad we're going back to a  
little place where we all know and  
love each other."

## NOT AFRAID OF THE RABIES

Dog Catcher Says He Has Never Seen  
a Mad Dog—People Get  
Excited.Here is the testimony of a dog  
catcher who has been in the business  
fifteen years and been bitten more  
than one hundred and twenty-five  
times:"Afraid of 'em? Not me. I've never  
yet seen a mad dog. Maybe there are  
some. Maybe there ain't. I don't  
know. All I know is that although  
I've seen a squad of frothing dogs,  
and dogs running around that looked  
mad, and I've been bitten goodness  
knows how many times, I've yet to see  
a real mad dog.""I'm not afraid of rabies because I  
believe most of what you hear about  
mad dogs is just puff. People get ex-  
cited and go into a panic when a  
thirsty dog begins to froth in the  
mouth. He wants a drink. There  
ought to be drinking places for dogs.  
There are a few, but in some sections  
of the city there is no place a dog can  
get a drink, and he needs it on a hot  
day as bad as a man.""I am a dog owner and I like dogs.  
I raise a few. There have been many  
great things said about dogs, but you  
can not appreciate them until one of  
them becomes a friend of yours.  
Then only do you know how much of  
a friend you have."—Pittsburgh Post.

## Marvelous Escape From Death.

During a thunderstorm in Deal, Eng-  
land, Minnie Rogers, seventeen years  
old, was walking along one of the  
small back streets of the town carry-  
ing a number of umbrellas, etc., when  
a vivid flash of lightning, evidently  
attracted by the steel frame of one of  
the umbrellas she was holding, ripped  
open her own umbrella, struck her,  
and threw her violently to the ground.  
There was only one man in the street  
at the time, and he assisted her to  
rise. Strangely enough, when she  
had done so she found that all her  
clothes, umbrella and cap were per-  
fectly dry, whereas before she had  
been drenched, for the rain poured  
down in torrents. Her description of  
her feelings was: "I felt just as  
though my head had been stung by a  
wasp, there was a singing noise in  
my ears, and I seemed to see a bright  
light, like the sun, shining through my  
umbrella." With the exception of her  
hair being slightly singed, she sustain-  
ed no injury.

## Practical Enough.

Mr. Blake entered his office rather  
wearily one summer's morning, and  
in response to a cherry good-morning  
from his partner he grouchyly re-  
plied:"I certainly had a shock last night.  
A young fellow telegraphed me he had  
married my youngest daughter at  
Grant's Rock.""Heavens!" returned his partner.  
"Well, the only thing you can hope  
for now is that he may turn out to be  
a practical business man—"  
"Oh!" interrupted the fond parent.  
"I guess he's practical enough. He  
sent his message 'collect.'"—Lippin-  
cott's.

## Joseph's Program.

The mistress of the house is a cul-  
tivated Bostonian of much musical  
taste, and the whistling of the foot-  
man, who believed himself alone in  
the house, fretted her artistic soul."Joseph," she called at last from the  
head of the back stairs, "please don't  
whistle those vulgar ragtime things."  
"Yes, mem," returned Joseph meek-  
ly. "I know, mem," he continued with  
unexpected spirit, "but you can't ex-  
pect a rhapsody of Liszt with cleaning  
the knives. That will come later,  
when I'm polishing the silver."—Bun-  
tington Free Press.

## The Reason.

"I don't understand electricity. I  
can't seem to get it into my head."  
"Well, you know, boke is not a con-  
ductor."

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